

FUGITIVE SEVEN YEARS, FOUND.

Frank C. Marrin, Brooklyn Lawyer, Who Fleed Rather Than Face Fraud Charge, Living in Philadelphia.

KNOWN AS "JUDGE STONE."

Accused by Wealthy Woman in 1895 of Misappropriating \$31,000, He Disappeared—Had Promising Future.

Only two hours ride from Brooklyn, where he has been wanted for seven years in connection with charges of fraud made by Mrs. Caroline Barry, Frank C. Marrin, formerly a Brooklyn lawyer, has been living and prospering in Philadelphia, as a promoter and horseman under the name of Judge Stone.

When confronted with the story of his dual life he admitted his identity, but said that what he had done had been for a friend who was ill and in sore financial straits. The amount involved in the charges of fraud is \$31,000.

It was in February, 1895, that Marrin first disappeared from his home. He was a young lawyer then, and was apparently working up a good practice. He got into politics and was an active Democratic worker in the Tenth Ward. He lived with his wife and two children at No. 213 Butler street and had his office in the Garfield Building. He had been admitted to practice in 1893.

Mrs. Barry became one of his clients in 1894. She was the widow of an inventor who had left considerable property, and at the age of sixty was living in seclusion in Clinton avenue, near Greene, in what is known as "the Hill section" of Brooklyn. Her home was a dilapidated old house in a group of fine modern dwellings occupied by such men as Dr. Henshaw and Mr. Schieren, then Mayor of Brooklyn.

Mrs. Barry first became suspicious of Marrin in February, 1895. She said she had, between Aug. 1, 1895, and Oct. 1, 1895, intrusted various sums to Marrin for investment. The aggregate of these sums she said was \$30,000 and when she asked for the documents in the loans he turned over to her certain bonds, notes and mortgages, which turned out, she charged, to be forgeries.

Mrs. Barry's house was entered by burglars a little while after that, and she went to Marrin's office to consult him about it. He had not been in his office for several days, she learned, and when she made inquiries in the Garfield Building she was told by the managing clerk of Hirsch & Haug that they had had some dealings with Marrin, but did not know what had become of him. Thereupon she consulted a lawyer, who was one of her acquaintances, named Lewis Hurst.

This lawyer set out inquiring about Marrin, and soon found that there were several things that he should explain. He began a suit for an accounting, and obtained a writ of attachment from Judge Bartlett, of the Supreme Court. The amount of the writ was \$31,000, but the property was found upon a levy made.

With characteristic boldness, Marrin ventured back in Brooklyn, and on April 3, 1895, was arrested in front of the Arlington Hotel in Fulton street, by Detective Reilly, of the District Attorney's office. He was locked up in Police Headquarters, but managed to obtain his release. He went away again and in his absence an indictment was returned against him, charging him with forgery, the specific count being that he had given to Mrs. Barry a forged mortgage for \$7,000 on property at No. 176 Broadway. It was charged that he had signed fictitious names to the documents and made the acknowledgments as notary.

YOUNG BONNER IS A FIREMAN.

Son of the Ex-Chief Realizes the Ambition of His Life and Begins His Duties To-Day with Truck No. 6.

PROUD, HE TELLS HIS AIMS.

Would Sooner Be a Member of the Department than Mayor of Greater New York—Visits Chief Guerrier, His Ideal, in Hospital.

Hugh Bonner, Jr., to-day began the life of a fireman. With the record of his father, ex-Chief Bonner, as an incentive, he entered his duties in a spirit of enthusiasm and realized the fulfillment of his boyhood's ambition.

Tall and lusty, with piercing black eyes, dark hair and heavy mustache, Bonner, Jr., is an ideal fireman. Just past his twenty-second birthday, he looks every inch his father of forty years ago—the identical firm lips and the same quiet yet determined manner. The young man was given a hearty greeting by the men of truck No. 6, at No. 71 Canal street, where he reported for duty this forenoon.

Ambition of His Life.
Ever since Hugh was old enough to sit on his father's knee and pull at the bright buttons on the elder's coat his lot was cast. The Bonners then lived in Seventh street, and Hugh, the eldest of a family of four boys and two girls, was sent to St. Francis Xavier's College. To his father as he began schooling he said:

"All right, governor, I will need a little learning in order to take the Civil Service examination."

Battalion Chief William Guerrier, then a fireman, was the hero of Hugh's childhood. Guerrier and the boy were fast friends, meeting daily in West Sixteenth street as the former went home to his meals from a nearby fire-house. Although young Bonner took up the study of electricity, he never lost sight of the fire department, and recently when he passed the Civil Service and received his appointment he requested Fire Commissioner Sturgis to assign him to a company in Battalion Chief Guerrier's command. To-day it was a matter of regret to him that he could not appear before Guerrier as a fireman for orders. But he did visit the Chief, who is still suffering from the injuries he received at the East River bridge blaze and is a patient at St. Francis's Hospital.

Truck No. 6 and Engine Company No. 17 in Ludlow street, are the two busiest firehouses in the world. That's why Bonner asked to be assigned to either as he wanted "to get with a company that had the most work to do." The ruling powers sent him to Truck 6, where his father began his remarkable career in the paid department as a fireman.

Busiest Company.
"Not only are we the busiest fire company in the greater city, but the Foreman John P. Howe, 'for none of our members has ever been killed at a fire. This is a great record as we average from 75 to 100 runs each month of the year.' It was, quickly noted to-day that

SOME OF THE GALLANT FIRE FIGHTERS OF HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY NO. 6.



young Bonner is a true son of his father, and no novice at the fire-house game. On presenting his certificate of appointment he was handed his blue shirt and rubber coat and boots, and at a o'clock answered rollcall from the extreme northern end of the line at the rear of the building.

After the company was put through its alignment and facings, young Bonner was presented with a book of rules, his badge and his fire-key.

His first real work about the house began half an hour later, when he was set at cleaning tools, three men starting in to instruct him in their use, but who gave up the task on finding that Bonner, Jr., was as well versed along that line as themselves. He showed surprising familiarity with the apparatus, and when tested upon his quickness in reaching the ground floor from

the dormitory above, came down the brass pole like a streak.

Tells His Aims.
"Because I am a son of the former head of the Fire Department means nothing," declared the young man to-day to an Evening World reporter. "Influence counts for naught in a fire house; only ability can merit advancement. That is why I chose to go against the wishes of my family and become a fireman. It is the one thing I know that I can do well."

"Finding that I was determined to join the Fire Department, father withdrew his objections. He admitted one excellent feature—the privilege of retiring on a pension at the close of an honorable career in the organization—but he brought up a dozen other logical reasons why I should continue with the Edison Electric Light Co., where I had been employed.

"My mother opposed my plans on the grounds that the life of a fireman is not worth a copper penny, but she re-

lented when I produced figures in effect that Truck No. 6 had never lost a man and that there were other companies equally fortunate.

"I would rather be a good fireman than be Mayor of Greater New York. Now that I have the chance I am going to try and perfect myself in the work of my choice."

"Chief Guerrier says that I am all right. He is one of the bravest men I know, and he has fought his way up from the lowest rung of the ladder. I am glad to serve under the friend of my childhood days."

For thirty days Bonner will be a probationary fireman. Then he will be examined by the medical officers as to his physical soundness and his appointment formally approved by the Fire Commissioners. Mean time he will go to meals each day at 1 and 5 P. M., report on Mondays at Fire Headquarters for instruction in life saving, and occupy the rest of his time at learning the trade of fireman and familiarizing himself with the duties of the apparatus floor.

JOB HUNTERS ARE WORRYING SHERIFF

New Official in Brooklyn Finds the Office Has Its Drawbacks Just at Present.

Brooklyn's new Sheriff-elect, William Melody, is not the happiest man in the borough. He is learning that the distinction of being the first Democrat to succeed to a lucrative office since the late Fusion landslide wiped all his fellows out and the "Dady-Gudens" in his district.

Up to date there have been exactly fifteen announced candidates for the position of Sheriff's counsel and as many more for those of Under Sheriff and Warden of the Raymond Street Jail. There are those whom he would reward for friendship's sake, there are those who think they are entitled to reward, and there are again those whom the organization, which gave him the opportunity and the nomination, wish to see rewarded, and Mr. Melody is having a tough time.

Luke O'Reilly, a prominent young lawyer and brother of Magistrate O'Reilly, is the latest aspirant for the office of counsel to the Sheriff. He is a resident of Bernard York's district, and is said to have the powerful influence

of ex-Commissioner Thomas Farrell behind him.

Much opposition has developed to the candidacy of Charles Hyde, formerly of Justice Gaynor's office, who served as counsel under Sheriffs Creamer and Walton, and now seeks a third term, while he is said to still draw a salary of \$9,000 from the Civil Service Commission.

It also is whispered about the corridors that ex-Assemblyman William P. McLaughlin, a nephew of Boss McLaughlin, who has been the most prominently mentioned candidate for Warden of the county jail, with the backing of the organization, has met with a chilly rebuff from Melody. Goodship has it that Melody has reserved the place and will insist that he be enabled to keep his promise to appoint to that position Albert Penny, his personal friend and chum.

COMMISSION ON BRIDGE FIRE

Three Engineers Named to Estimate the Damage.

Bridge Commissioner Lindenthal announced to-day that he had appointed a commission to examine the Williamsburg Bridge and report to him upon the damage done by the recent fire. The commission includes George S. Morrison, consulting engineer, No. 49 Wall street; C. S. Schneider, Vice-President of the American Bridge Company, No. 100 Broadway, and Leffler L. Buck, consulting engineer of the Williamsburg Bridge. They will report as to the extent and manner in which repairs shall be made to the steel wire cables and to the other steel work, and will formulate specifications for repairs.

BULGARIAN CABINET RESIGNS.
SOFIA, Nov. 15.—The cabinet has resigned on account of personal differences. It is probable that Premier Danef will form a new Ministry.

DEVERY HITS AT M'CULLAGH.

Election Superintendent and His Student Aides Ought to Be in Jail for "Violating the Ballot," He Says.

HE WILL STICK TO MILLER.

His District Captain Has Been Arrested Several Times and Always Got Off—Columbia Boy Tells How He Played His Part.

"McCullagh and his college young men ought to be in jail," commented the Hon. William S. Devery to-day concerning the arrest of two of his captains in the Ninth District, on evidence furnished by Columbia University students.

"McCullagh didn't do anything up State, did he?" asked the ex-Chief. "Say, honest, a friend of mine told me that he counted thirty-one cemeteries between Schenectady and Albany. From the Bronx with them must have voted every tombstone in those cemeteries. But McCullagh didn't do anything about that, did he?"

"Miller, my election captain, he's been arrested several times before, and Miller's got off. McCullagh that I've arrested so often by McCullagh that I've lost track of the count. I don't know what they've cooked up against him, this time and I don't care. I'm going to stick to Miller—he's an honest man—and fight this gang of highbinders."

"McCullagh is State Superintendent of Elections, isn't he? The way he goes on you'd think he was just City Superintendent. He's incited these young college fellows to violate the law and make trouble for me, but I'm not going to be made a sucker of by that bunch."

Deperris Tells Story.

Bertram V. Deperris, the young millionaire college student who had charge of the other students as McCullagh deputies in the Ninth, has told how he balked the old campaigning politicians. He said:

"Doc Demarest and I were sworn in as McCullagh deputies about the time of the primaries. He was taking a post-graduate course in medicine and had some spare time. I had just returned from a trip abroad and had nothing else to do."

"We hung around corner saloons until we got in with a young fellow who asked us if we didn't want to join the William S. Devery Association. Of course we did, and we were taken up and introduced. We were told that young men were welcome, and we got a room rent free in Twenty-sixth street, near Eighth avenue. We spent a lot of time in the rooms of the Devery Association, and 'Big Bill' always had a good word for us when he came in."

Got Them Ready.
"It was about a week before election that Demarest and I were asked to get any friends we could and prepare to do business on election day. We were in constant communication with Supt. McCullagh, although it is needless to say that we never went near his office. He arranged for four Columbia College boys to meet us early on the morning of election day and we were to introduce them as floaters."

"I wish you could have seen those four young men when they turned up. I almost passed them by in the street

NOTHING TO EAT FOR FIVE DAYS.

Five Children Watched by Bed-side of Mother, Unconscious from Lack of Food.

Five wan-faced little children appeared in the Children's Court to-day, and a pitiful story of their suffering, while their mother lay sick and helpless in the bare little rooms at No. 667 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, was told by Gerry Society agents.

They are the children of Mrs. Mary Barnes, whose struggles against poverty is only a repetition of the story of hundreds of women in New York left destitute by the death of their husbands. Mr. Barnes died a year ago, and although he had always provided for his family he left them penniless. Working by the day Mrs. Barnes has been able to make a scanty living, but the earnings of each day were used to supply the immediate wants of the little family. When she started for work in the morning her pocketbook was generally empty.

When she was too ill to go to work Monday morning there was neither food nor money in the house. For five days the five children watched at her bedside, until last night the eldest child, a girl of ten, looked at her mother's face and thought she was dead.

Leaving the other children, she went in search of help. Policeman Maguire, of the Morrisania Station, returned with her. He found that the mother was not dead, but was unconscious from illness and lack of food. Martha said that neither she nor her little brothers and sisters had had a bite to eat for five days.

Neighbors came in and cared for Mrs. Barnes and restored her to consciousness. The children were taken to the rooms of the Gerry Society.

Without recognizing them, they looked so disreputable and slouchy. We took them down to the club and there met McCormick, one of the district captains. He turned us over to Charlie Miller, another district captain, who runs a little saloon just east of Eighth avenue on Twenty-ninth street. This was our rendezvous all day and was the headquarters of another gang of ten repeaters.

"We had a narrow escape in one polling place where Demarest tried to vote on the name of William Lancaster. It was all due to Miller's carelessness, for it turned out that the man who had registered as Lancaster was a colored man. Our bluffer started to tell how long he had known 'Lancaster,' when some one tipped him the wink and he told Demarest to 'screw out quick.' Demarest got away before the watchers realized the situation and he didn't go back again you may be sure."

"Each one of our crowd voted at least twice during the day, and some of them three and four times. According to instructions we marked the ballots so that they would be defective and put our initials on them so that we could identify them later if required. I do so. We were paid \$3 a piece in Miller's saloon for each vote we cast, and Demarest got \$1 for the attempt to vote as 'Lancaster.'"

\$1,000 MORE IN SALARY.

Raise for Bellevue Superintendent, Owing to Arduous Duties.

Alleging that Dr. Stewart's resignation from Bellevue Hospital is not the suit of a controversy, but because his duties have become too arduous, Dr. John W. Brannan, president of the trustees of Bellevue and allied hospitals, has obtained from the Board of Estimate an increase of \$1,000 a year in the salary of superintendent. This makes the place worth \$5,000 yearly.

ONE-ARMED TRAMP POSED AS PIPER

Threatened with Arrest, He Startled Police by Impersonation of Deputy Commissioner.

"Attention, ye terriers!" commanded a one-armed man to Roundsman Polly and Patrolman Newman as they attempted to arrest him at Forty-first street and Tenth avenue this morning.

The two policemen had an apparition of the dauntless Deputy Commissioner Piper and they dropped their prisoner like a hot potato.

"Where are yee gloves?" roared the fearless commander.

"Get to the curb quick, or I'll have ye up for trial."

Newman gave the military salute recently prescribed by the officer-commissioner, but Polly hesitated. He whispered in Newman's ear:

"Is this his job-lots?"

"Sure it is, them clothes is only a disguise. He's shoo-flying. Better salute him."

But Polly would not. He would have clouted the man over the head with his club if it had not been for that armless sleeve. Piper has the same thing.

"Where's your shlicia?" demanded Polly.

The one-armed man in tramp's clothing started to wander away with his companion when the roundsman seized him, and recussitating Patrolman Newman from his paroxysm of fear, they marched the two men to the West Side Police Court, where they gave the names of Hugh Burns and Sam Gillmore and were fined \$10 each on charges of intoxication. Burns is the armless wonder.

AMERICAN IDEAS FOR BRITISH NAVY.

John Bull Prepares to Take a Lesson from the Personnel Bill Passed by Congress.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—The Admiralty is considering the advisability of taking an important leaf out of the American Navy's book. The scheme now under consideration at Whitehall is to adopt a measure closely resembling the Navy Personnel bill passed by the American Congress. A departmental committee is sitting and has had submitted to it various reports regarding the workings of the new American system.

It is said the committee is likely to adopt a plan by which engineers now serving will retire with an honorary line rank, but that in the future engineers will be selected from the cadets of the training ship Britannia, under the system employed at Annapolis, and thereafter will hold executive rank.

The innovation probably will be bitterly opposed by certain cliques in the navy.

Honors for Yale Professor.

MUNICH, Bavaria, Nov. 15.—The Academy of Sciences has elected Prof. Josiah Willard Gibbs, Professor of Mathematical Physics at Yale, to be a corresponding member.



THE NEW FORTY THIEVES of NEW YORK

DO YOU KNOW ANY OF THEM

The Most Remarkable Criminal Photographs Ever Published

THE TERRIBLE PRICE PAID BY MISS GLADYS DEACON TO INCREASE HER BEAUTY.

The Most Beautiful American Girl in Europe, Trying to Remedy a Slight Defect in Her Profile, May Have Sacrificed All Her Beauty.

The Wonders of New York---No. 4.

The City's Wonderful Bridges, the Most Costly and Remarkable in the World.

President Roosevelt as a Boy.

Hitherto Unpublished Facts and Pictures of the Childhood of the Chief Executive of the Nation.

Madge Lessing's Dainty English Home.

A Pretty Chapter in the Life of One of the Most Charming American Actresses Abroad.

How to Massage the Face.

The Second of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Valuable Series of Beauty Articles.

The Jean Valjean of Porto Rico.

Because He Acted as Executioner to Eight of His Condemned Countrymen He Is Ostracized, Starved and Hounded.

Tragic Fate of the "California Venus."

How the Beauty Which Made Her the Most Famous Model in America at Last Caused Her Death.

Training Baby's Mind by Machinery.

Wonderful Psychological Experiments That Are Being Conducted by a Scientist.

"The Funny Side"

Has a Fund of Novelties This Week. The Funny Folks Will Certainly Amuse You. Don't Miss Them.

FIFTY DOLLARS MORE IN PRIZES---The Sunday World's Puzzle Lessons Have Proved a Remarkable Success. Tens of Thousands Are Competing. If You Did Not Get a Prize Last Week You Have Another Chance To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.